

20¢ JUNE 26, 1950

New Republic

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN

THE MOOD OF AMERICA

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Mr. Hearst's Arithmetic

Democratic Platform of 1948 = *Socialism*

The New Republic = *Socialism*

Mr. Truman = *a Socialist*

ON MORE than one occasion the *New Republic* has been quoted in large type on the editorial page of our contemporary, the *New York Journal-American* (Hearst).

- We are always referred to as "the Socialist *New Republic*."

- The most recent reference is contained in a smash editorial on the 1950 campaign, published June 13.

- After labeling the Democratic platform of 1948 "A SOCIALIST DECLARATION," Mr. Hearst's editorial writer seeks to nail down his contention that President Truman is also a Socialist by quoting from this magazine.

- Mr. Truman hopes, as quoted in the editorial, that "SOME OF THE OBSTRUCTIONISTS WILL BE REMOVED." Many of those who obstruct Mr. Truman's program, says the writer, "happen to be DEMOCRATS." Therefore Mr. Truman is opposing not only the Republicans, but the Dixiecrats, who are against "New Deal Socialism," and thus reveals himself as a Socialist.

- He quotes from our magazine: "It is a hopeful sign," the Socialistic *New Republic* comments, "that Mr. Truman has declared his target for 1950 to be the 'obstructionists' in BOTH PARTIES."

- So according to Mr. Hearst's arithmetic, the Democratic Platform, Mr. Truman and the

New Republic all add up to Socialism because they uphold the promises of the Fair Deal.

- If this is a form of guilt by association, it is also a form of commendation by association.

- The *New Republic* was founded 35 years ago to help preserve and revitalize the American democracy by airing and discussing political issues. The object was and always has been to avoid an "irreconcilable conflict" in our developing industrial society. Such a conflict would lead to social disorders and fundamental changes in our democratic institutions.

- The Democratic Party, under Franklin D. Roosevelt, was revitalized and did in fact prevent collapse and conflict by its willingness to apply new ideas and new methods in dealing with the breakdown of 1932. Democratic capitalism was preserved, but not without some long overdue improvements, by the Democratic Part under F.D.R.

- Mr. Truman has not retreated from these objectives, but rather is pushing forward vigorously, despite a reluctant Congress, in his effort to make the Democratic Party the enlightened servant of the American people.

- If the effort to preserve, through legislative acts, the institutions we cherish (including democratic capitalism) is Socialism, then the word has come to mean something far different from what Karl Marx intended.

If you disagree with Mr. Hearst and his beloved reactionary Republicans and Dixiecrats—if, rather, you believe that the struggle to think through our problems, to adjust and adapt, and to achieve a greater measure of social justice, is an exciting and worthwhile task, you will like the *New Republic*. READ IT EVERY WEEK.

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE DISAPPOINTING 81st Congress will end its two-year life about August 1 and the tempo now speeds up a bit. Congressmen are sore at the doctrinaire British Labour Party, but Marshall Plan aid and military assistance should finally get through all right. However, Hugh Dalton in London couldn't have picked a more embarrassing time for poor ECA administrator Paul Hoffman. The huge stake of \$4.4 billion for combined overseas aid is now at its most critical point before a weary and pettish Congress.

On the surface all is cosy in bringing Averell Harriman into the President's family as a sort of foreign-affairs liaison man. But it makes a difficult, enigmatic and uncertain three-way relationship among Truman, Harriman and Acheson. Tall, stooping, introspective, ambitious, inarticulate Harriman wanted to be Secretary of State before Acheson got the job. He is one of the few impeccably respectable millionaires who make regular contributions to the Democratic war chest. He is hardworking, but has tended to get in the hair of Hoffman's associates in ECA. Perhaps designedly, the new appointment eliminates him from being considered for the all-important vacant post of chairman of the Atlantic Security Council. This is probably lucky.

There is a new mood of cautious optimism in Washington. Officials so high and authoritative that they can't be doubted believe that Europe is "defensible," at reasonable cost, by new weapons. They feel that the time has come to lift the secrecy veil a bit and let Europe know the facts. Stimulating their action is the growth of isolationism in Europe, based on a previous mood of hopelessness. Our new approach can't be dismissed as just propaganda. For example, it is estimated that Russia has a huge investment in 40,000 tanks. US officials believe we have anti-tank weapons about ready that make tank warfare obsolete—for a time, anyway.

Washington is anxious over the head-

way made by the Russian "peace petition"—as though the Soviet had a monopoly in that field. Just to show that the US wants peace, too, President Truman used the word 19 times in his Dallas speech, and told his patient audience four times that war isn't inevitable.

Governor Dewey has decided to quit. We are used to him now and shall be sorry if his decision is final. Truman has been telling a story recently about a businessman who liked Dewey too: "I'm going to vote for Dewey again in 1952," he insisted. "I voted for him in 1944 and 1948, and look—I've never been so prosperous."



George Seldes' little pinkish sheet, *In Fact*, keeps needling the giant *Reader's Digest*. It is a trembling, nervous giant. Back in May the weekly *New Castle News* (neighbor of publisher DeWitt Wallace in Pleasantville) picked up some anti-McCarthy stuff and credited it to *In Fact*. On May 24 he got this signed letter from Wallace: "In view of the fact that you take seriously the sheet *In Fact*, and quote from it, we shall withdraw our advertising from the *New Castle News*. Very truly yours, DeWitt Wallace."

One aspect of the McCarthy affair has bothered us. Haldore Hanson was a young AP writer in China who followed orders and went with the Chinese Communist guerrillas for two months in 1937, for which he was later complimented by his boss, John Evans, chief of the AP foreign service. Later he joined the State Department. McCarthy now charges that Hanson was "two years with the Chinese Communists." He uses the Chinese assignment as one point in his general indictment of Hanson and of the State Department. Now if Hanson isn't safe in regard to this trip behind the lines in China, then neither is any other foreign correspondent who gets a dangerous assignment. In their own defense, journalists ought to look into this thing. Isn't this some-

thing for the Newspaper Guild, or perhaps the association of editors, to investigate?

Versatile McCarthy has qualified himself for authorship, too, and one of the highest-priced ones of our time. He got \$10,000 for a housing manuscript sold to the now bankrupt Lustron housing corporation while in the key position of vice-chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Housing. This was a little better than \$1 a word.

The Catholic hierarchy is concerned over public reaction to the McCarthy-Budenz affair. Recently Cardinal Spellman, senior prelate in the United States, invited to lunch, not McCarthy in his hour of need, but his prime antagonist, Undersecretary of State Peurifoy. US-Vatican representation was the announced subject, but the man to discuss that was not Peurifoy, whose job is administrative, not policy, but a superior. What has really happened is that the Cardinal has quietly recognized the responsibility and respectability of McCarthy's principal opponent, the State Department.

Notes. Representative Celler's newsprint investigation will be the first monopoly hearing to get a good play; publishers think newsprint costs too much. . . . Truman's veto of the ambiguous basing-point bill is another victory for Senator Paul Douglas (D, Ill.). . . . Norman Thomas points out that Section 13 of the new DP bill theoretically bars from America anyone who has supported "any political or economic system or philosophy directed toward the destruction of free competitive enterprise," which would apply to Clement Attlee, say; only capitalists need apply. . . . The behind-the-scenes struggle in the House lobby investigation is to determine whether the rich corporations and stupid fat-cats who have been financing the Kamp, Hart and Rumely and other "hate groups" will be revealed. . . . While the New York *World-Telegram* was not being published because of the Newspaper Guild strike, the New York "runaway" grand jury took most of the wind out of the Telly's Amerasia case by giving the Justice Department a clean bill. . . . Extension of social security to another 10 million people will pass Congress soon. *Washington*

T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Dangers of Force

SIR: I have considerable sympathy for the strictures Elmer Davis presents about Alan Cranston's argument for world government in the May 22 issue; and I do not think world-government advocates ever deal effectively with the problem of resolving the deadlock between the USSR and the USA. . . .

But Mr. Cranston is surely on ground that can hardly be disputed when he contends that Mr. Davis is asking us "to place our hopes in a system which has never worked" when he suggests that "an intelligent policy backed by a powerful army" will persuade the Russians "to settle down with what they have." Mr. Davis seems to me to take the props pretty much out from under his own expectations in this regard by the tough, and essentially true, things he has to say about Communist methods.

The many worthy anti-Communist Americans who rely upon a policy whose ultimate sanction is force are in my opinion playing into the hands of the Communists. For "force" in this context means readiness for atomic and biological war.

If one aims to establish or maintain a totalitarian regime, war may be an apt instrument to serve his purpose. But modern war cannot serve the purpose of maintaining democracy. It can only destroy it. How much democracy do we have left even now where key decisions about such matters as atomic bombs are concerned? . . .

We cannot prove the Communists are wrong in asserting that any means are justified to achieve the triumph of their "system" and that the problem of history can only be resolved by violence, by piling up vastly superior instruments of violence and using means that surpass theirs in destructiveness and horror in order to defend our "way of life."

There is a way to overcome the Communist "religion." But it can be done only by a superior "religion." The trouble is we do not believe in such a religion, though many profess it. In a concentration camp under the Vichy regime in France a group of Communists studied the New Testament for several hours every day with two French Reformed (Huguenot) pacifist pastors. Just before the latter were released a spokesman of the Communist group said to them: "We recognize that your 'religion' is in a way superior to ours. This way of life that Jesus taught and lived, everybody ought to live; and some day everybody will—after the Revolution. But it isn't practical now." In betting on the ultimate practicality of violence the Communist speaks also

for the non-Communists and anti-Communists who fight him. Thereby he has them fighting on his own terms, on his chosen terrain, with his weapons.

A. J. MUSTE, Secretary,
The Fellowship of Reconciliation
New York City

The Long View

SIR: Of course T. R. B. was right. The FEPC bill never had a chance to pass the Senate under the Wherry rule. Pepper's defeat in Florida drove a last nail into the coffin. President Truman and Senator Taft will continue to advocate FEPC for vote-getting purposes. Many liberals will back their futile efforts, but political realists should shift their emphasis. . . .

Specifically, the anti-poll-tax bill should be passed as soon as possible and preferably at this session of Congress. If that is impossible, we should settle for the slower process of passing an amendment to the Constitution. The states'-rights Southerners claim that they will support such an amendment. Let us take them at their word. Passage by two-thirds of each House and then three-fourths of the states would seem assured. That should take about four years. Then, in three successive Senatorial elections, some of the worst Southerners would be defeated by full electorates. Some of the new members might be liberals, perhaps even on the race question, since Negroes would then wield true political power. It is possible that by 1960 these men would be numerous enough to pass an FEPC bill. *Hollywood, Calif.* BERNARD SINSHEIMER

The UN's Dilemma

SIR: I have few illusions and can't see very much black and white, but I do know that the new government of China is the legal one, irrespective of whether it is recognized by slave states, free peoples, screeching angels or howling devils. I also know that without Russia the UN will lose half of its effectiveness.

The best guess, as far as I can see, is: yes, the Soviet Union does fear a bombing war in the not so distant future. That is why she and other nations, who so badly need food, goods, clothes, houses . . . have to throw it all down the pit of destruction instead. I PROTEST!

Yes, Russia would like an end to the cold war, of course on her own terms. However, I believe she could be successfully and fairly satisfactorily bargained with, but not by the material . . . at present misruling the United States. . . .

And frankly, isn't the UN, between the US and the USSR, now pretty much of a hollow, rotten lemon? The Russians, it is true, are hard, very hard indeed, to deal with. However, I challenge anyone with a spark of intellectual integrity to deny that it is practically impossible to deal with the Americans at all.

Huntington, N. Y. (MRS.) P. CAMMER



BRITISH LABOUR AND THE SCHUMAN PLAN

A MINOR international bombshell was exploded on June 12. An official statement of a subcommittee of the Executive Committee of the British Labour Party attacked the Schuman proposal for unified ownership and operation of the coal and steel resources of France, Germany and any other European country which cared to join. The statement boils down to the observation that "socialism comes first." The Labour Party, assuming that this document genuinely represents its future line, will do what it can to prevent any further liberalization of European trade or strengthening of the Council of Europe or the creation of any more supra-national bodies unless and until the Socialists take control of the European countries involved.

Repercussions were immediate and violent. The British Tories, who are strong for the Schuman Plan, attacked this statement. So did the American government, to the usual accompaniment of suggestions in Congress that Marshall Plan aid to Britain should be stopped. So did the French Socialists. And most significant of all, so did Prime Minister Attlee of the British Labour Government, which, in theory, is only an arm of the Labour Party. Attlee did not exactly repudiate the subcommittee's statement; but he went about as far as he could, under the circumstances, in saying that "the document is not a statement of government policy" and that the government stands ready to coöperate, in Europe, "with other governments that hold different economic views." News dispatches from London describe the statement as coming from a Left group in the Labour Party, headed by Hugh Dalton, and say that the document was not even shown in advance to Attlee or Foreign Minister Bevin. The division within the party is strong enough to make an American conservative like Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* report happily that the death knell of the Labour Government has now been sounded.

Does this development mean that the Schuman Plan is now laid on the shelf? Obviously, it does not. That plan has only a 50-50 chance of enactment in any case; but it could conceivably be carried through without British coöperation, even in the unlikely event that Attlee and Bevin decided to accept the Dalton line. If the Labour Government is forced out by the Tories, British coöperation is assured. Indeed, support of the plan could conceivably be the predominant issue in the next national election.

The facts of recent history dispute the statement of the Labour Party subcommittee that Britain will do nothing to encourage the unification of Western Europe until the continent has gone Socialist. After a long period of "dragging their feet," the British have recently given substantial aid to the current efforts to unify Europe economically in order to cushion the shock when the Marshall Plan ends in '52. Britain has at last indicated that she would join the European Payments Union, the most important immediate project of the Organization for European Economic Coöperation.

Is the Dalton group right, and is the Schuman Plan an undesirable one? The argument that it is, was put forward vigorously by Jean Pajus in the *New Republic* of May 29; he held that the proposal is only a new device for a cartel, in private hands, which would result in all the familiar evils: restricted output, exorbitant prices, excessive profits, division of sales territories, discouragement of technological advance. As the plan now stands, these criticisms are thoroughly justified. Safeguards for the consuming public, for the interests of the workers and for progress in the industry are either inadequate or totally lacking. The steel industry in both France and Germany has such a long record of misbehavior that any scheme which gives them continued substantial authority can legitimately be considered guilty until proved innocent.

On the other hand, it is quite possible that the Schuman Plan may contain the necessary impetus for its own amelioration. Many of its aspects are grandiose, to say the least: proposals for standardization of the purchasing power of wages in coal and steel in the countries involved; prohibition of import tariffs and dumping; regionalizing production, and so on. If the parts of this vast complex of resources and activity which are still in private hands were allowed to remain there, the owners would be exercising powers greater in some ways than those of the respective governments, and powers which have invariably, in the Western world, been reserved to government. The push toward nationalization would become almost irresistible. The question thus presents itself as a choice among calculated risks, all of them—as is so often the case in the modern world—dangerous in the extreme.

This is also true of the European dilemma to which

the Dalton group in the British Labour Party has given such an off-hand, glib answer. There is no doubt that the unification of Europe is good in itself, and greatly to be desired. Most readers of the *New Republic* will agree, we believe, that nationalization of most of the major industries of the European countries is also desirable, particularly if it is wanted, as seems to be the case, by very large elements in the population of these countries. (An aspect of American policy which we may live to regret is the tremendous pressure in recent years for transferring the American doctrine of free enterprise

intact to a continent to which it is inappropriate, whose people don't want it and resent our virtual blackmail.)

The Dalton group is insisting that these things must come in a specified order: first, nationalization, then unification. But it is not necessarily true that this is the inevitable order, or the better one, and there is substantial evidence that the alternative order is what is actually taking place. It is dangerous for any political party or important segment of a party to put itself in the position of King Canute. It looks increasingly as though that may be where the Dalton group will find itself.

THE WEEK

NOT MUCH RENT CONTROL

When Senator Harry Cain (R, Wash.) was elected to Congress, there was little doubt about his mission. He had received the unequivocal support of the real-estate interests in Tacoma, where he had been mayor prior to filing for the Senate. During Cain's campaign, Ward Smith, regional president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, wrote Washington headquarters that "we are vigorously supporting the former mayor of Tacoma. I am very close to him." Cain's last official act as mayor was to appoint Smith chairman of the Tacoma Housing Committee. His first official act as Senator in January, 1947, was to introduce a bill to abolish rent control.

Cain has been a faithful spokesman for the real-estate boys in the Senate. But his one-man filibuster against continuation of rent control last week proved to be more boring than spectacular. It was, in fact, a notable flop. He talked for 12 hours, charging that the Administration is "trying to rush a quickie" at the "expense of landlords and taxpayers of states and communities which have been decontrolled." Not even his sympathetic Republican colleagues helped to prolong the filibuster. On a motion to send the bill back to committee, every Democrat present voted against it, though only six Republicans broke from Cain's ranks. On the final vote, 30 Democrats and six Republicans favored extension of rent control and 23 Republicans and five Democrats opposed it.

Party lines were drawn more sharply

than usual because this is an election year. Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas (Ill.) and Senate Majority Whip Francis Myers (Pa.), both of whom face tough opposition in their campaigns, told their fellow Democrats from the South that unless rent control was extended, they stood to lose thousands of votes.

Immediately following Senate action, the House passed a similar bill by a vote of 202 to 163. The Senate bill would continue rent control for six months, with local communities empowered to continue controls for an equal period. The House bill continues controls for seven months and gives local communities power to continue controls another five months after that. The House version would give the new Congress, meeting in January, a one-month chance to examine the rent situation before controls expire in communities not taking positive action to extend them. The measure has now gone to conference committee to iron out this minor difference. The present law expires at the end of this month.

Actually, both the House and Senate versions are much weaker than President Truman's original request for flat extension of the present law for at least one more year. But Chairman Brent Spence of the House Banking Committee, a supporter of controls, told the President this was as much as he dared attempt to get from this Congress. The compromise law assures some slight protection to about 32 million people in eight million homes.

Despite the fact that the rent problem, especially in crowded industrial

areas, is still so real that New York, New Jersey and other states have passed rent-control legislation of their own, the Republican high command made every effort to scuttle controls. Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio), GOP policy chairman, who voted for recommitment and against final passage, said, "I don't know why Congress should act as a wet nurse for states and cities which won't act for themselves."

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

The Employment Act of 1946, designed to prevent major depressions, established a Joint Congressional Committee to work with the President and a three-man Council of Economic Advisers to maintain economic stability. The law requires the President to submit a comprehensive economic report to Congress at the beginning of each year and also requires the Joint Congressional Committee to file a report "containing its findings and recommendations with respect to each of the main recommendations made by the President," by the first of the following March.

The Joint Committee was four months and fifteen days late with its report this year. As was the case last year, the Republican members tried to stall until the majority report was issued and then comment on it, rather than on the President's proposals. The majority waited until the minority was ready to speak. Neither statement, it turns out, was worth waiting for.

The majority report again simply endorses the well-known Truman pro-

gram. The minority denounces that program from A to Z and accuses the President of having submitted an economic message that was "primarily a political document." Obviously, nothing is more political than full employment. To guarantee it through coordinated action in a democracy, elections are necessarily involved. To attack the President's domestic program on this ground is ridiculous.

The vagueness of the majority report and the complete inadequacy of the minority statement demonstrate how far the Employment Act fails to operate effectively. The only way a series of reports can be produced that will cast real light on our economic situation is by intimate cooperation between the Joint Economic Committee of Congress and the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Leon Keyserling, the new chairman, believes that this cooperation is of first importance. Perhaps now the Employment Act can begin to function as it was intended to do.

UNDER FIRE

Two prime Communist chasers—Representative John S. Wood (D, Ga.) and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R, Wis.)—are now having to defend their own records. Columnist Drew Pearson, whose exposé of Un-American Activities Committee Chairman J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.) sent the Representative to a prison farm near Danbury, Connecticut, has charged that Wood, present chairman of the committee, is guilty of "kickback" dealings. Pearson alleges that Wood and a member of his Congressional staff, Carl Tallant (his law partner), had taken a \$1,000 fee for winning a \$10,000 government claim for one of his constituents. Pearson has a notarized photostat of the "kickback" check, signed by the father of a boy who was struck and seriously injured by a United States Army truck and thus entitled to the \$10,000 compensation from the government. Pearson pointed out that Representatives frequently offer private relief bills for constituents, but it is against the law for them to accept outside fees for such service. "In fact such fees, if they go into his pocket, are a penitentiary offense," Pearson said.

Representative Wood, who will face strong opposition in the Georgia primary, claims that Pearson is simply "smearing" him to gain votes for Dr. Vincent Burdine, a close challenger in the race. Wood says that Pearson's accusation against him "is utterly false, and is in keeping with the guttersnipe tactics of this arch liar and character assassin, Drew Pearson, whose record for covering up for subversive groups and stooging for the racketeers of the CIO, who is said to be financing my opponent's campaign, is so well known." However, he doesn't deny that the transaction took place between Tallant and the crippled boy's father.

The conservative Atlanta *Journal* editorialized that the people of Georgia, and especially those of the Ninth Congressional District, are entitled to a clearer statement from Wood. "Merely to call Mr. Pearson a liar does not meet the requirements of the situation," the *Journal* said. "If Mr. Tallant was a law partner of Congressman Wood and an employee of his congressional office at the time the claim was processed and paid, the impropriety of charging or accepting a fee of \$1,000 is manifest." The Department of Justice has revealed that Pearson's accusations are the basis for a "complaint now being taken under consideration" by the criminal division.

Last April 19, Pearson mentioned in a column that Senator McCarthy had agreed to write a housing article for the Lustron Corporation, based on material McCarthy obtained in the course of a "government-financed" trip, since Lustron was very largely supported by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. During the Corporation's bankruptcy hearing last week, a photostatic copy was introduced of a check for \$10,000 paid to Senator McCarthy by Lustron. McCarthy had written about 10,000 words in a Lustron publicity pamphlet, for

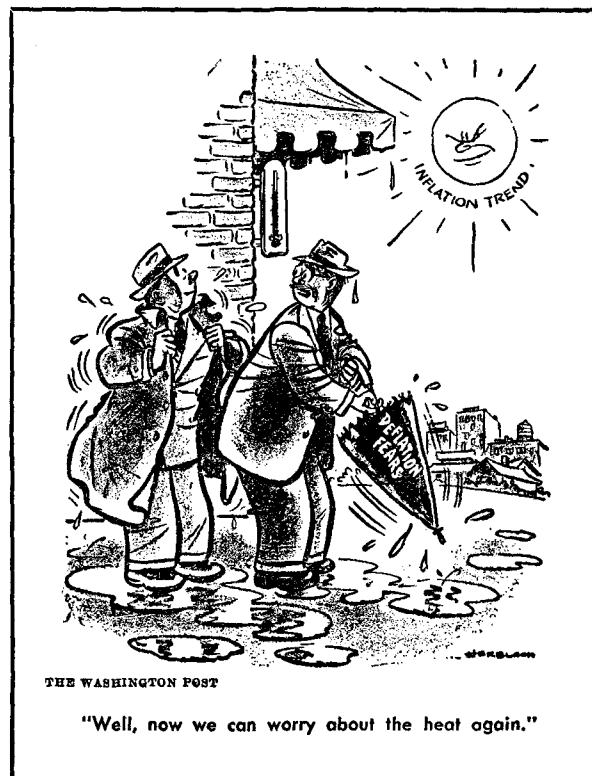
which he received \$1 a word, more than is usually paid by the slickest of the slick magazines. McCarthy has admitted the deal and attempted to excuse himself gracefully by saying that Lustron was "the highest bidder" for his price-less prose.

NEGRO STUDENTS IN TEXAS

AUSTIN (NR correspondent)

The University of Texas, which lost its fight against the admission of a Negro student in the recent Supreme Court decision, has quietly accepted the new policy. Last week two Negroes were admitted to graduate schools at the University on a non-segregated basis. John Saunders Chase, a 25-year-old ex-GI, who received his AB degree from Hampton Institute in Virginia, enrolled as a graduate student in the Department of Architecture. Horace L. Heath, dean of Paul Quinn College in Waco and holder of a bachelor's degree from Colby College in Maine and a master's from the University of Pennsylvania, registered to work toward his doctorate in government.

The University administration announced that Negro students would be admitted to graduate schools on an unsegregated basis for studies not offered at the Texas State University for



Negroes, or Prairie View A. & M. College (also for Negroes). Two other applicants for masters' degrees in music and mathematics were told to go to one of the Negro schools. However, indications are that at least two other Negro students will be enrolled before the summer session gets fully under way.

Actually, the first Negro to attend classes in the University of Texas was Herman Barnett. He applied for admission to the University's medical branch in Galveston last summer, with grades so high that only six white students surpassed him. Attorney General Price Daniel advised University officials to admit him. He registered as a student in the Texas State University for Negroes, but has been attending the University of Texas medical school as a "contract student" on a completely unsegregated basis.

Heman Sweatt, who, the Supreme Court ruled, was entitled to attend the University of Texas law school, and W. Astor Kirk, college professor who was admitted to the University last spring but refused to attend his courses in an off-campus segregated classroom, announced that they would enroll in the fall semester. Sweatt has been working as a mail carrier in Houston ever since he first applied to enter the University law school in 1946.

RAILROADS AND CONSPIRACY

Six years ago, former Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia filed a complaint in the Supreme Court charging that 20 railroads had conspired to fix discriminatory freight rates against the South. Arnall asked for an injunction against the railroads under the anti-trust laws, to halt the conspiracy in rate-fixing that has long kept freight rates high in the South, and as a result has created "an artificial toll bridge across which the products of Southern manufacturers seeking access to Northern markets were compelled to pass."

In 1945, the Supreme Court appointed a special master, Lloyd K. Garrison, to look into the facts of Georgia's charges that the railroads' freight-rate system kept the South in a state of "colonial dependency" on the North. Last week Garrison reported to the Court that Georgia had not proved itself to be at a disadvantage because of

the rate-fixing "conspiracy" among the defendant railroads, and that injunctive relief was not available to the state because evidence did not show that activities of various rail associations (including the Association of American Railroads) were specifically aimed at Georgia—or even at the South in general.

In the 923-page report, Garrison said that he found "no sectional consideration or intent to discriminate against any region, or to freeze the rate structure, motivated the creation" of the railroad association. However, he did admit that there was evidence that some railroad practices, handled through the AAR, do in fact "violate the anti-trust laws, because they are designed to check rate reductions or induce freight increases."

Weighing the evidence, the special master said that it "pictured simply a nationwide and largely unsuccessful effort on the part of the railroads, through their associations, including the AAR, for revenue purposes and without sectional bias, to discourage rate reductions. . . . The evidence did show that the AAR's activities help to fortify the territorial associations' arrangements designed to discourage rate reductions." Defendants in the case include practically all the big Midwest, Northeast and Southeast roads.

Georgia's case against the railroads was weakened when Congress, in 1948, passed the Reed-Bulwinkle Act, which suspends anti-trust laws with regard to rate-making agreements entered into by the railroads. Garrison said that the Interstate Commerce Commission is now studying the railroad associations' "arrangements" under the terms of the Act, and recommended that further action by the Court be held up pending the outcome of a government suit against the railroad group, filed in Nebraska in 1944. When the Department of Justice filed that suit, seeking dissolution of the AAR, the then Attorney General, Tom Clark, said that

investigation discloses that through numerous rate bureaus and associations a nationwide system of private rate-making has developed in the transportation industry, resulting . . . in the absence of competition among competing carriers. . . . The Department has instituted an action to enjoin the combination, alleged

to consist of railroads, associations and bankers, from violating the anti-trust laws through preventing rate reductions and coercively imposing higher rates and fares for the Western district than for comparable services in the Eastern district.

Garrison's report is only an interim proceeding in the case. When the Court reconvenes in October, it may order oral arguments on the basic plea for the injunction or on particular points of controversy. Georgia is expected to file exceptions to the report and the defendant railroads will also submit further statements and possibly motions to dismiss the case.

"SACRED FETISH"

In an extraordinary address to a graduating class, the Very Reverend Hunter Guthrie, S. J., president of Georgetown (Catholic) University in Washington, D. C., said:

In the educational world today, we are witnessing the foolhardy attempt either to bring into being or to understand a thing which has neither form nor matter, is subject to no standard or norm, has neither limitation nor definition: the sacred fetish of academic freedom.

This is the soft under-belly of our American way of life, and the sooner it is armor-plated by some sensible limitation the sooner will the future of this nation be secured from fatal consequences. . . .

Education controls your way of life not only as to what you shall think, but how you will be taxed. . . . For the past few years columnists and comedians have been poking fun at the college professors in government. Despite this harmless barb, these professors and college-trained men, the products of a disastrous and ill-defined academic freedom, have taken over the State Department, the Judiciary, the Budget, the myriad agencies of the government, and have transformed our ways of thinking and living and acting beyond recognition to what they were several decades ago. . . .

If the United States is to continue in the Western tradition which made it great, it behooves those of our citizens interested in the present and future of this nation to search out and support the educational institutions which are still striving to maintain that tradition, grounded on freedom limited by belief in God. . . . Georgetown University today, more consciously than ever before, stands for these principles. It welcomes those who still believe in them to rally to her support.

The 1,285 graduates and some 5,000

other people who heard Father Guthrie last week must have wondered about his interpretation of academic freedom. Some of them may have remembered the American Association of University Professors' Declaration of Principles (made in 1915) in reference to his statement:

The term "academic freedom" has traditionally had two applications—to the freedom of the teacher and to that of the student. For the teacher, academic freedom comprises three elements: freedom of inquiry and research; freedom of teaching within the university or college; and freedom of extra-mural utterance and action.

Cancellor Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, must have had the Guthries of the educational world in mind when he said: "Freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and freedom of teaching—without these a university cannot exist. Without these a university becomes a political party or an agency of propaganda."

A CONGRESS IN BERLIN

BERLIN (NR correspondent)

A Conference on Cultural Freedom will take place in Berlin from June 25 to 30 as a new development in the propaganda campaign against Communism. Unofficially sponsored by the US Department of State and its High Commission in Germany, it is intended as something of an answer to the First German Writers' Congress, held in Berlin in October, 1947, the International Congress of Intellectuals for Peace, in Wroclaw, Poland, in August, 1948, and the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, in March, 1949.

Among those attending are Ignazio Silone, André Malraux, André Philip, Arthur Koestler, James T. Farrell, George Grosz, Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, Sidney Hook and James Burnham. The honorary presidents include John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Benedetto Croce, Karl Jaspers and Jacques Maritain.

The Soviet-controlled Berlin newspapers are attacking the Congress in their usual style, calling it "an intellectual six-day race" and "doctors of philosophy brought by Wall Street to glorify the atom bomb."

OUTSIDE AMERICA

The meeting in Geneva early in June of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe took place at a time when "there is the most encouraging economic news from Western Europe, news which means a rising standard of living for the people of those countries." W. Averell Harriman said so. But apparently the field commander of the army of American economic strategists in the European theatre of operations had access to secret data unavailable to competent European observers.

Gunnar Myrdal of Sweden is such an observer. And as executive secretary of ECE—the only European economic agency in which Americans and Russians still meet face to face—he was responsible for drawing up the agenda for its fifth annual meeting. The news from Western Europe didn't seem to him to be encouraging. On the contrary, he found the economic situation worse than it was last year—when he played a major part in preparing the Armistice of the Giants that didn't come off.

Myrdal said that the costs of the cold war and the growing burden of military expenses were threatening to stifle the chances for economic progress. Deflationary policies in Italy and West Germany were causing serious unemployment. A number of other countries weren't using their resources effectively and weren't finding ways of stabilizing employment at high levels. The \$5 billion annual trading deficit was pointing toward an "extremely critical situation."

The difference between the two interpretations of a single set of economic facts is still another example of the width of the gap between the Pollyanna optimism of American officials (of whom President Truman is perhaps the most blatant) and the querulous gloom of Europeans. The reason for the difference is, of course, perspective. Myrdal judges the facts as an economist whose political orientation is the hope that Europe can be saved from another war. Harriman judges as a political pro-

consul whose task is to gloss over painful facts that make it harder to believe on Capitol Hill that Europe is willing and ready to fight another war.

It's a bit late to discover Europe's mood. (This column has been reporting its growth for nearly two years.) It's questionable politics to allay Capitol Hill's alarm by hiding the facts—to win Congressional support for war preparation at the risk of another moral and material collapse of continental Europe after the war began. It's questionable journalistic polemicism to corrupt the facts—to suggest that European neutralism is a loss either of the instinct to survive or the will to be free and independent.

The present phase derives not so much from the gap between European and American attitudes as from the effects of an inner split within American policy toward Europe. While the American economic strategists proclaim that all is for the best, American political militarists warn that all is for the worst. The effect is to produce policies that give Myrdal reason for discouragement. It is to create the impression in Europe that what American economic optimism giveth, American military pessimism taketh away. It is to permit the Central Committee of the French Communist Party to point out that real wages declined sharply during the second year of ECA, and that French military costs, already greater than American economic help in 1949, will be about 420 billion francs in 1950, while the help is about 250 billions.

The communiqués issued after the London conference said "freedom shall be defended against every threat of aggression or subversion, direct or indirect," and that "the economic progress and prosperity" of the peoples of Western Europe would be made "secure." But in countries like Italy, US policy lets the defense against Communist sabotage become also an attack on the freedom of non-Communist labor. And everywhere in Europe, except England of course, any real chance for a definite forward step is sacrificed to the costs of building a machine for a war the avoidance of which is the only issue on which party lines in all countries tend to break down.

It is precisely because the Europeans

don't believe that the military news is as bad as the Americans make it seem that the economic news isn't as good as Harriman would make it seem. Millions of Europeans are fully aware that things are going badly for the Americans in Asia, but they don't think things will go better for the Americans in Europe if they insist on draining economic strength into sterile (and eventually in-

effective) preparations for a test of military strength on European soil.

At London, the parallel but separate American policies of financing the European economy for recovery and draining the European economy for military preparations came together and joined. But out of that juncture there has come another parallelism and separation: the Permanent Council of Deputies of the

Atlantic Pact nations gearing everything to a war economy, and the OEEC, strengthened by the direct coöperation of the United States and Canada, trying to patch together a peace economy. One of the two must sooner or later be chosen. And if the peace economy isn't chosen, nothing Capitol Hill can do will prevent the Europeans from wanting to be let out.

PERCY WINNER

THE MOOD OF AMERICA

THIS SPRING I traveled ten thousand miles through America asking questions:

Why is progress faltering?

Why are new endeavors met with apathy?

Why are we bent instead on pursuing witches?

There are no easy answers in Washington as the weeks slip by, and the opportunities pass, while the wolf pack howls outside the gates of government and the government cries *shoo!* After a long journey the answers are a little clearer.

A principal answer is the prevalence of fear in America today.

Unlike the panic-stricken citizens of Salem who hanged their neighbors, we have real reason to fear. We face a challenge so powerful that only by raising the performance of our democracy can we survive. For that reason the challenge should serve as a tremendous impetus to progress. Instead it is serving largely as a brake. Fear of Communism is the most effective weapon ever developed by the Right in America; so effective that if the Communist Party were dissolved by Russia tomorrow it would be recreated by the Right on the following day.

There is a growing fear among merchants, businessmen and bankers about the future. It leads to a growing ambition for power coupled with continued ignorance as to the purposes for which power should be used. Everywhere pressure is increasing from the Right. Schools and communities are being flooded with John Flynn's diatribes; Freedom Forums are conjuring up horrid apparitions of socialism among civic organizations. Hundreds of thousands of Americans are being persuaded to resist change, in the belief that all progress leads eventually to Communism—as if Communism were the most progressive system in the world.

These campaigns find natural expression in the South, where the need for change is greatest. Fear in the South is traditional, contagious, not to be contained in compartments. A man brought up to fear and hate the Negro finds it easy to hate and fear, first the Communist, then anyone branded as a Communist.

by Michael Straight

In the same way, hatred and fear stirred up against the intangible force of Communism is easily transferred to objects much nearer home. Under pressure of fear, the practice of democracy in election campaigns, which should strengthen democracy, serves all too often to weaken it. Demagogues strip every issue down to hatred and fear: long after the ballots are counted the wounds go on bleeding.

There is, of course, a great deal more fear arising from social tensions in the North than Northerners care to admit. Civil-rights ordinances are under heavy pressure in cities like Portland, Oregon. Public housing is deadlocked in many centers like Chicago, where city councils are trapped, unable to enforce segregation in new housing projects, unwilling to break down black ghetto walls. The moment has been reached at which bold decisions are necessary: one reason for lack of boldness is the enervating force of a general fear.

The *Chicago Tribune* is the second largest paper in circulation in Wisconsin. The firm of McCormick and McCarthy trades in fear. Fear of Communism permits McCormick to rail against the Point Four program as the "Browder Plan." It permits McCarthy to gather up all the frustrations of the last five years, all the reactions to mounting economic pressure, all the deep-seated feelings that our long-range efforts of reconstruction are failing to win security, into an ugly demand for a scapegoat. For the first time in many years, a major party has been committed to the fascist technique of the Big Lie. Its immediate effect is to blight the early hopes of Midwest liberalism and to dishearten those who seek to make the Republican Party an instrument of enlightened conservatism. In the long run it may be remembered as the first incoherent demand for direct action in place of the long, patient effort to overcome Communism without war.

The unreasoning fear aroused by McCarthy is not isolated; it is exploited by the opponents of progress in every American community.

San Antonio, for example, has some of the worst shack towns in America; hovels without light or heat

or sanitation, grouped in muddy squares around a pump: great sources of TB and diphtheria, and great sources of revenue at \$4 a room each week. There is a strong case for public housing in San Antonio; now the slum owners have found new weapons.

There are loud cries for loyalty investigations in Washington. The same cries are echoed in San Antonio. The proposed loyalty checks in San Antonio are not for officials with access to secrets, but for applicants for public housing.

There are demands in Washington for the publication of lists. And publication of lists is demanded in San Antonio—the lists of applicants for public housing. First the list is published, then comes the interview with the boss: *"All right, George, which is it going to be: your housing application or your job?"* If the campaign succeeds, the lists shrink. Housing Authority investigators are greeted with bland faces: *"Public housing? Why, no one in San Antonio wants public housing—look at the lists!"*

There are witchhunts in Washington to drive "Communist agents" out of the State Department. They have their counterparts in San Antonio. The "Communist agent" whom the gamblers and slum owners have sworn to run out of town is a Unitarian minister who supports public housing.

In every society there are present forces of destruction. In a democracy they are held in check by the counter force of freedom itself. Corruption is exposed, error set right, intolerance overcome by voices of protest which society protects. When that protection is withdrawn, democracy is imperiled.

The protection is often withdrawn today; too often the traditional defenders of free speech remain silent. In general our churches are not responsive to the danger; our newspapers are increasingly biased, even in news coverage. Our universities are cowed and lacking in leadership. In the majority of state universities in which I lectured I had to speak off-campus or in violation of regulations forbidding "controversial" talks. Even the University of Wisconsin, with its long tradition of free speech, is solemnly investigating the loyalty of some kids who picketed an ROTC parade.

There remains the corrective force of the liberal movement. Once again fear corrodes its will. For every coward who damns McCarthy in private, only to fall silent in public, there is the brave man who speaks out publicly, and in private whispers: *What do you really think about Lattimore?* We cannot afford to orient attitudes around personalities, as happened in the case of Alger Hiss. The deadliest motto in America today is, *Where there's smoke, there's fire.* There is a loss of faith in the integrity of two million public servants who make up the government's executive branch.

Far more serious among liberals is a loss of faith in peace.

There is today among most thinking people little faith in a peace settlement with Russia, still less ambition to organize a divided world. There is an outspoken determination to hold onto the United Nations; an unspoken fear that the point of no return has already been passed on the road to war. The internationalists who aroused America to destroy Fascism have not the same will to seek the destruction of Communism in warfare. Yet they see no alternative that offers the "moral equivalent of war." Many seem to be marking time until war comes, which is one reason why the solid gains of social-security legislation and the promise of the Point Four program are greeted with equal apathy. The apathy is greater because of the conviction among Americans that domestic and world trends have moved beyond their control. This apathy is as destructive as fear, and harder to overcome. Fear can be met by resolution, but apathy can be overcome only by restoring to ordinary men the sense of participation in a clear and inspiring cause.

For these reasons liberal organizations find the going hard today. Yet the liberal movement is as strong and sound as it has ever been. Trade unionists are increasingly intolerant of conservatism and inaction in their leadership. Negroes are increasingly scornful of "Uncle Toms," "handkerchief heads" and those among them who exploit discrimination and lack of education to maintain their hold. Students are far ahead of the nation in their belief in full civil rights for all Americans. The young men brought up by the New Deal and the war are not moving to the Right as they move forward in public life.

Even where setbacks occur there is a belief that liberalism is still a winning cause. In San Antonio, for example, I went to a victory rally of the Organized Voters League, held, as events turned out, to celebrate a crushing defeat. When the barbecue was over, the OVL chairman, the Reverend William Lovely, sprang on a bench and made one of the finest fighting speeches I ever heard. *"Every American was killed who fought in the Alamo,"* he cried. *"But was it Santa Ana or Davy Crockett who won?"*

Yet everywhere there is latent idealism and courage, waiting only to be given organized expression.

In Tallahassee there are two universities, one for students who are white, one for students who are colored. They face each other, half a mile apart. But they might as well be a thousand miles apart, since the students are forbidden to cross that half-mile no-man's-land. In that county, colored Americans address each other by initials to conceal their first names from inquiring townspeople who want to avoid using courtesy

titles. The word *Mister* is a lot more dangerous than the word *comrade*: a handshake is a lot more revolutionary than the clenched fist of the Communist salute. Not far away three Negroes are still under sentence of death for a crime they did not commit.

I spoke to the 2,000 colored students of the colored university. I told them how the American Veterans Committee was attempting to practise as well as preach democracy by organizing non-segregated chapters throughout America. Ninety percent of the veterans who were present volunteered to pay their five dollars and join AVC. They wanted a town chapter, open to all veterans.

So we crossed the half-mile boundary line and rounded up all the white veterans we could find in the white university. Soon a battle-scarred liberal came to me: "For God's sake, stop!" he cried. "This problem is insoluble: your action can lead only to tragedy." It seemed that the white board of regents of the white university and the white board of regents of the colored university would expel student and faculty members,

white or colored, who associated together on the basis of their common service in time of war.

By then it was too late. The first organizing committee meeting was scheduled, it was held, a few nights later, in a cafeteria belonging to a colored veteran.

The police were waiting outside as the meeting broke up. They took the leaders to the police station and grilled them for five hours, while their families waited fearfully, without word.

The choices were made pretty clear by the time the second chapter meeting was held. It was a hard choice for the white veterans, at the start of promising careers, far harder for the colored students, up from the sharecroppers' shacks and the slums, for whom a GI education offered the chance of a lifetime. We insisted that the choice was theirs alone; that if they chose to forget AVC we would still be proud of them for a brave try.

They made their choice. They stayed in AVC. They sent a spokesman up to Washington to claim their charter. So democracy thrives.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES

TO ME, the saddest and most disturbing feature of this recent preoccupation of so many of our people with the problem of Communist penetration within our country is that it tends to rivet our attention upon ourselves, to seize us up in a sort of cramp of introspection, and to interfere in the most unhappy way with the attention which we ought to be giving to things outside of our own society, and particularly to the regime and the people of the Soviet Union.

This heightened concern with the question of who among us is and who is not "a Communist" rests of course on the feeling that present with us in this world is something dreadful and unspeakable, something infinitely abhorrent, something incurable and incorrigible, which is not only hostile to us but is hopelessly committed to that hostility: something with which it is of no use for us to try to reason, which we must either destroy or be destroyed by. This is all right as far as it goes, I think, provided that "something" be taken to mean certain concepts, now loose in our world, concerning the relations between the strong and the weak, between those who are the subjects of state power and those who are its objects. But the witch-

by **George F. Kennan**

hunting which is in progress seems to embody two further propositions which strike me as questionable and dangerous in the extreme.

The first of these is that this force of evil is something entirely outside of ourselves: the expression of some inexplicable wickedness, conceived far away and without relation to us, a wickedness of which we ourselves can be, and are, spotlessly innocent. The second is that there are no gradations involved in the influence of this force on people: that it is like the mumps or pregnancy—either you have it or you don't, either you are or you are not; and that those that "are" are to be regarded as lost to all good purposes. If they are part of our own American society, then they may be permitted to go on living; but they are found out, exposed, and thrust from our social midst. They are like the villain at the happy ending of the movie: we feel no obligation toward their moral reconstruction; we don't care what happens to them; they have disappeared from our ken, and good riddance.

These assumptions are dangerous even in their application to the party members who ostensibly constitute the foundation of the Soviet regime. I was much impressed with the warning recently uttered by Angelo Rossi, who was once a member of the Executive Committee of the Comintern and one of the first prominent Communists to leave the movement. In the chapter on the Communist Party and democracy, in his recent book

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about the French Communists, you will find the following passage:

. . . Error is always the result of a defeat suffered by truth on its own territory, so that every attempt to fight error as if it were born beyond the frontiers of truth, every attempt to treat error as a clan treats its external enemy, not only fails as a matter of course but prevents the application of the only effective remedy. Error must, in a word, always be regarded as a crisis in the internal development of truth. . . .

I am sure that Rossi is right. Whatever may have happened to them through environmental influence, the Communists are human beings. Each one of them once lay in a cradle and had affection and tenderness lavished upon him by some adult who probably wished for him a normal and successful and adjusted participation in life. If today these people are lost to themselves and to society, as I am sure most of them are in the sense that they have placed heavy handicaps on their ability to contribute anything positive to their own peace of mind or to general progress, if today they find themselves dedicated to a negative and destructive cause, this is because they had certain vulnerabilities and weaknesses which are common to at least an important percentage of human beings if they are not present to some degree in all of us, and because these vulnerabilities and weaknesses were discovered and exploited by others who were already embittered against the world which had fostered them, and were not averse to practising this form of cynicism. Let us not be too snobbish about these things. Let us not be too haughty to give thoughtful and dispassionate attention to these same vulnerabilities and weaknesses, to the things which cause people to become the agents of totalitarianism. Perhaps we will find some of them in ourselves. Perhaps we will find that we are encouraging their growth in others by the ways in which we conduct our society.

But if these assumptions which I mentioned are dangerous to our understanding of the Communist movement itself, how much more so when it comes to our understanding of the mass of the Russian people. For the insistence that we shall be blind to everything but black and white in these matters leaves no proper place for these Russian masses, who are all obliged to do lip service to Communism. It has the tendency to stamp them all as our enemies, and at the same time to suggest to us that we have nothing to learn from them, no reason to occupy ourselves with them, no reason to try to put ourselves in their position and think in their terms—that this, in fact, would be a dangerous sort of flirtation with the Devil, a stirring around in murky depths, from which no good could come.

And it is this which I particularly deplore, and view with alarm. I cannot escape the conviction that the experiences of the Russian people, in the past as in the

present, will be found—as the scroll of history unrolls itself further—to have a considerable relevance to the things which we in this country are now experiencing, and are yet to experience.

Some of you may be skeptical. I would not blame you if you were. Where, you may ask, is this relevance I speak about? You may point to the uniqueness of the entire Russian national experience: to the derivation of Russia's Christianity from Byzantium instead of Rome; to the powerful influence of the Tatar masters over the course of centuries; to the isolation of the Russian people from the main currents of civilization during the most important formative period of their national consciousness; to the absence of a respectable tradition of capitalism; to the tardy and inadequate development of a middle class comparable to the middle class of Western countries in sturdiness and self-assurance. You may point to the epic unhappiness of man's entire effort to lead a civilized existence on the Russian plain: to the misery, the degradation, the brutality, the almost wearisome regularity of the triumphs of violence over moderation throughout Russia's history. You may say that we are dealing here with a people lost to progress and to hope, with a realm over which there hovers some relentless hand of failure, with a climate in which only the demoniac, self-destructive tendencies of man's nature can survive; and that we had best wall ourselves off from it, protect ourselves from its contamination, wipe it from our consciousness, and pray to our gods that it may remain well distant from us.

You will even find strong support from Russians themselves for the view that their history has little relation to that of the rest of the world. Remember Chayadaye's words, in the "Philosophic Letter"?

. . . We have never walked hand in hand with other nations. We do not belong to any of the great families of mankind, either to the West or to the East, we do not have the tradition of either. We exist as if beyond the limits of time and as if we were never touched by the universal education of humanity. . . . We came to this world as illegitimate children, without any heritage, without any connection with the people who preceded. . . . We have no independent evolution of our own. . . . We grow but we do not mature. . . .

And yet Chayadaye himself firmly believed that some day Russia would have something to offer to the rest of the world. He expressed it somewhat grimly, and cryptically, and you can take it in more ways than one; but the thought was there. We exist, he wrote,

. . . in order to teach the world a lesson when the time comes. Such a destiny will, undoubtedly, be useful. But who knows when we shall find our place among mankind, and how many misfortunes we are fated to suffer, before our destinies are fulfilled. . . .

Who knows, indeed? I have no strong optimistic convictions on this score. The only lesson taught by Russian political experience recently seems to have been a negative one. And certainly the greatest caution is due in drawing any parallels or connections between Russian phenomena and those of a country such as our own.

Yet any one of us who has lived in Russia for any length of time and has occupied himself seriously with Russian realities knows that there have been phenomena in Russian life which speak with tremendous power and meaning to the American perception: strivings which every American instinctively understands, manifestations of human feeling which are not only entirely comprehensible to our world of thought but which leave us with a feeling of wonder and excitement at their scope and boldness and emotional intensity. Most of these seem to me to relate to what we might call the Petersburg era in Russian history, and primarily to the nineteenth century, which was of course the period of maximum exposure of Russian society to Western influence. Western influence in those days meant European influence; but European influence, mind you, at a time when the artistic and intellectual currents of old Europe were themselves never more alive, never more interesting, never more subject to astonishing and infectious changes.

In this sense, we might almost say that what Americans find meaningful and moving in Russian history is the reaction of the Russian people to impulses from without. It is not the isolated Russia—not the Grand Duchy of Muscovy, vegetating through the decades and centuries in its archaic darkness and intolerance, its bigotry and cruelty, and its fear and hatred of the foreigner—not the Soviet despotism, living in a world of thought based on a desperate distortion of the image of the world around it, and reminiscent of the old Muscovy in so many ways besides just the return of the capital to Moscow—it is not this Russia in isolation which has produced the things that seize and hold us; it is the Russia touched by the stream of Western civilization, reacting to that stream with the incredible freshness and sincerity and clarity of perception which placed the Russian intellectuals of the nineteenth century among the greatest of all critics of contemporary Western civilization—not only reacting to that stream, but, which is even more important, striving with tremendous intellectual and moral courage to take from it that which was useful and hopeful and apply it to Russia itself, in order that there might be light where there had been darkness, that the immense backwardness and unhappiness might be overcome and that new vistas might be opened up for the expenditure of human energy and the realization of human dreams.

Please do not think from this that I am speaking of any idealization or slavish imitation of the West on the part of the Russian intellectuals. Their attitude toward Western culture was always a dual and a tortured one, combining both love and hatred. I am only saying that Russia has been at her greatest when stimulated, or stung into reaction, if you will, by contact with the West, and that accordingly the unfolding of the Russian spirit in the nineteenth century was one of the great chapters in the history of civilization. Never have more inspiring blows been struck for things which commend themselves to us as hopeful and progressive. You will find no literature more promising in the possibilities to which it pointed than the poetry of Pushkin. You will find no more gracious and yet telling caricature of the faults of a society than Griboedov's immortal comedy. You will find no clearer and brighter flame of liberal convictions than in the writings of Chernyshevski and Alexander Herzen; no more profound reëxamination and testing of Christian ethics than in Dostoevsky; no more brilliant and masterful fictional portrayal of a society than in Tolstoy; no purer example of liberal humanism and honest literary workmanship than Anton Chekhov, and no brighter page in the history of dramatic art than those first performances of the Moscow Art Theatre at the close of the century, touching new springs in the human consciousness, opening up new possibilities in the communication of emotional experience. Here, in these intellectual and artistic strivings on the part of many Russian people in the nineteenth century, was an effort, breath-taking in its suddenness and vitality, to overcome huge handicaps which history had placed upon the development of a great people, and to overcome them—in contrast to the efforts of the Russian Communists—in a way compatible with human decency and respectful of human dignity.

These things have their own significance if they are taken for themselves; if we approach them, that is, in a wholly detached and scholarly spirit, trying to place ourselves in the mental framework of a Russian of that day. But when we speak—as we are speaking here—of their relevance to our own troubles in this country, in the middle of the twentieth century, we have a harder problem. For the signal fact about this amazing liberal development in Russia in the nineteenth century was its ostensible failure: the fact that it was followed not by the betterment of Russian conditions to which it was really addressed, but by the establishment of the first and (as time was to show) the most durable of the modern totalitarian states—of these regimented societies dominated by ruling groups devoid of ethical restraint in the exercise of their power, devoid of the humility inherent in most religious belief, devoid of even that minimal modification of conduct which was implicit in

the obligation of the hereditary monarch to tradition, to the family name, to the institution of the Crown as such. Leading as it did to this solution, and to the extent that it had responsibility for it, one hundred years of liberal effort ended in a situation which could not have been more destructive to its own development; for the workings of Soviet power have extinguished completely, on the surface at least and in the creative sense, the flame of the Russian intellect and spirit that burned so brightly and hopefully in the nineteenth century. Obviously the Soviet leaders have found these stirrings more intolerable to their power than did the Czarist regime to its own. Or perhaps they are just more prescient. Perhaps their keener nose for the realities of power tells them that the free manifestation of the Russian spirit is intolerable to any despotic government; and that to attempt to tolerate it would oblige them to expose their regime to tests which they know it could not successfully meet.

What is the significance of this catastrophic outcome of a thrilling century of Russian effort? What fault were these people guilty of which led to this result? Or were they not the guilty ones at all? And what has remained of their efforts and their contribution in Russian society of today?

These are not questions which we can decide in a hurry. They are questions which lie before American scholarship in the Russian field. Many people will have to contribute to the finding of the answers.

What I am about to say, therefore, is not by way of answer to these questions I have raised, but only by way of commentary, in order that the questions themselves may be clearer.

The causes of the apparent collapse of Russian liberalism as a political movement are not hard to discern. Viewed against the broad background of Russian history, the Petersburg era appears as an artificial episode symbolized by the removal of the capital from Moscow to a region devoid of any traditional association with the growth of the Russian state. Tremendous things were accomplished on the surface of Russian life during that period; but it sometimes seems as though the real national consciousness of the Russian people—the consciousness which can alone give final validity and solidity to outlooks and institutions—only slumbered on, relatively untouched, until the latter part of the period, and was then simply unsettled, economically and socially, rather than inspired intellectually and politically. There was also widespread doubt among the liberal intellectuals themselves as to the immediate applicability of their liberal ideas in Russian political life. Some of them, of course, like Nechayev and Bakunin, tipped all the way over and embraced a political philosophy which could not have

been more reactionary and led directly to totalitarianism. But many of the others entertained doubts, from time to time, about the possibility of Russia's "skipping over" any stages in the slow, organic advance toward representative government and were therefore skeptical of the possibility of abrupt and sudden changes.

As a matter of fact, it was as though many of these Russian intellectuals, notably Gogol, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, sensed that the Hegelian-Prussian origins of nineteenth-century liberalism contained in themselves the seeds of their own destruction in the philosophic sense.

To this we must add a reflection that the final decades before the revolution witnessed in Russia, side by side with some of the most primitive economic conditions, a precocious advance of certain branches of the Russian economy toward the most modern type of bigness and monopoly. We know from our own experience that such development can tax liberal ideas and institutions even in the most advanced democratic societies. No wonder, then, that in Russia it proved quite disruptive in its effect on the development of democratic ideas, and threw the Russian labor movement, in particular, largely into the hands of anti-liberal extremists.

In the light of this background, while in a certain small area the Bolshevik Revolution represented a response to the pressure of new and modern problems, in a far greater area it represented a reversion to old and familiar concepts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Soviet regime today has a strongly atavistic flavor. There is relatively little in it, in fact, for which precedent cannot be found in the annals of the Grand Duchy of Muscovy. It is more similar to these archaic patterns than to the other totalitarian regimes of our time which were partly inspired by it. In this sense, it can claim for its concepts and methods a sort of unhappy legitimacy; and we must not underrate the force of familiarity by which these concepts and methods are anchored in Russian society. It has always seemed to me that the most terrifying phenomenon in Russian political life is something which is present to some degree in almost every government but seems in Russia to be a dominant and central feature: namely, the tendency of the crueler, more brutal and more aggressive natures to rise by some sort of natural attraction to the political surface of society and to monopolize the business of government. In this way, government becomes the function of a certain mutation of the species: the mutation which ought least to have anything to do with it.

Nowhere else in the world does the concept appear to be so deeply rooted in the people's minds that the power of the state is now, always has been, and always

will be, evil; and that this is normal and something to be accepted. Departing from such an attitude, people refrain from applying moral standards to the acts of the political power. For them, it is like an elementary force: amoral, dangerous, uncontrollable, unaccountable. The finer spirits tend to steer away from participation in it. And the Kremlin, by maintaining that most abominable of modern political innovations—the concentration-camp system—tries to assure itself that brutality will not die for lack of fodder to work on and that there can always be maintained a steady fund of human spirits sufficiently exercised in brutality to assure the continuation of the system.

The concentration camps, we must hope, will some day pass from the picture, for they turn the stomach of humanity and are unreconcilable even with the theory of the Soviet state. What sort of socialism can this be which, after thirty-three years of power, admittedly continues to turn so many of its citizens into criminals that millions of them must, at any given time, be found enduring the hardships of a purgatory or a hell on earth?

But whether the camps go or not, I think we must recognize that the political concepts with which the Russian people are conversant have not been happy ones, that they were not substantially modified by the cultural movements of the Petersburg era, and that it may be a long time, if ever, before we can expect to see the development in that country of political institutions which will answer to our concepts of liberality and democracy.

Fortunately, this applies strictly to the political field. When you get beyond that field, you get a much different and more encouraging picture. I refer to the widespread survival in a great part of the popular mind of concepts in the field of individual ethics which have nothing to do with the ideological world of the present regime and are unquestionably planted by this intellectual and artistic movement of the nineteenth century which I have just mentioned. You see the evidences of them on every hand. All you have to do is to listen to the stream of casual conversation among Russian people anywhere, on the streets, in the parks, in the public conveyances, to confirm that an impressive number of Russian people still believe profoundly in certain abstractions such as decency, honesty, kindness and loyalty in the relations between individuals, whereas in the official mind these things are not supposed to be abstractions at all but only something relative to the pursuit of the aims of the party.

In addition to that, it is impressive to note what a powerful hold the past has on the contemporary Russian public in the fields of art and literature. This may not be agreeable to the regime, and evidently is not

wholly so, judging by the rather embarrassed vacillations of policy with which it has treated questions involving the legitimacy of past manifestations of Russian culture. Yet no one has replaced Pushkin and Tolstoy in the affections and respect of the Russian public. No one, not even Shostakovich, has eclipsed Moussorgsky or Tchaikovsky. The Moscow Kremlin and the Palaces of Leningrad remain the pride of Russian architecture. The Moscow Art Theatre is still the foremost theatre of the Soviet Union. And when you go today to the ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, what do you find? You find intact and living before your eyes, as the symbolic embodiment of all that is colorful and stirring and dramatic in life, the fairy-tale world of the age of chivalry: the royal court, the Prince Charming, the imperiled maiden, the evil sorcerer, and the fairy godmother who is always more powerful than the evil sorcerer. And the story ends with the king and queen sitting serenely on their throne, in gorgeous, regal robes, amid their assembled courtiers, while before them take place the dances of elation and gratitude which connote the happy ending, the final dissipation of all the black clouds, the victory of that which was kindly and gentle and compassionate over the evil spirit which had threatened the dignity and happiness of man. And every night throughout the year, the great theatre is crowded by an audience of at least two thousand Russians; and every one of these, irrespective of his rank or his stature or his party membership, follows with avid interest this pantomime enactment of the struggle of conflicting moral forces in the human breast, identifies himself with the power of good, finds the symbols appropriate and familiar, and approves the outcome.

You cannot tell me that in these Russian minds the lessons of the nineteenth century have been lost. In the realm of the organized power of man over man, the forces of retrogression may have asserted themselves for the present, and the immediate future may be problematical. But in the realm of the spirit, there is a moral life being led under the noses of the regime and despite anything the regime may do to stop it. Individual moral concepts cannot remain permanently separable from the problem of how man treats man within the framework of state power. And I am sure that this organic development of moral feeling, so closely linked with the great figures of Russia's cultural past, must some day take its place in the creation of new political forms. These forms may not, I reiterate, be ones strongly similar to our own or to those others which we are accustomed to recognize as democratic. But we may hope that they will be ones expressive of the immense good, of the immense faith in humanity, which is still present, and perhaps more widely present today than ever before, in the Russian spirit.

HAROLD L. ICKES: Peace in a Deep-Freeze

IN A RECENT COLUMN, Walter Lippmann said: "Mr. Acheson, in my view at least, revealed his defect—which I believe to be remediable—as a leader of men in time of crisis. It is that in asking for popular sacrifice and effort he is failing to provide the people with a *rational hope*."

The following day, in a column from Paris under the title, "Stop Faking," Joseph Alsop was critical of our promises to help in the Western defense problem, while at the same time supporting the French in Indo-China, to say nothing of supplying dollars for Indonesia, Burma and other Southeast Asia areas. Mr. Alsop made the point that the total aid contemplated, both in Western Europe and in the Far East, would be quite inadequate to do the job, but that, even so, we are months behind. For instance, "orders for new weapons have not yet been placed, which should have been done last November."

The promises of our high officials, when compared with their performances, compel the conviction that, whatever our objective may be as to either peace or war, they are hesitant about how to get there. In our newspapers we are told, officially, that prospects for peace were never so bright, while in parallel columns demands are made for increasing and tremendous sums of money to prepare for war. Secretary Acheson is in a hesitating pursuit of a "*pax vobiscum*." He says that he wants peace, but he will do nothing to attain it. On the contrary, he opposes every move on the part of others, including Trygve Lie, in the direction of peace. His idea of peace is not peace. His idea of peace is "unity and strength" in the non-Soviet world. He woos peace as he would prepare for war. Although the only conceivable war threatening the world is one between the United States and the Soviet Union, he seeks by some hocus-pocus called "all-out diplomacy" to unite against Russia all of the rest of the world. In short, since there cannot be peace, except on the basis of an understanding between the Soviet Union and the United States, the way to get peace, Acheson style, is to throw every possible obstacle in the way of an understanding.

It would appear from what Secretary Acheson said and did not say, at his stilted press conference on June 7, that his idea of taking at least a tentative step in the direction of peace is to double-lock ourselves, in "touch-me-not" dignity, in a secluded room, while covering the keyhole and the cracks of the door with Scotch tape so that no ray of light, or even of hope, can penetrate the esoteric mysteries of the State De-

partment. The official theory seems to be that the way to make peace with the Russians, without whom there can be no peace, is to be insolent and provocative. Yet peace is beyond attaining if we insist that, since nothing has been accomplished to date, nothing can ever be accomplished. On the Acheson theory, the only thing to do is to tax ourselves until we are bled white, pile up armaments which become obsolete almost before they are delivered, and wait gloomily for the inevitable doom.

Secretary Acheson's theory of achieving peace is to be totally negative. He avers that "the road to peace . . . is the road which we have been following." I say that the road which we have been following is the road to war. I join with others who advocate preparedness fully sufficient to our defense. But I refuse to live upon my knees. I decline to believe that the purely "negative and defensive policy [that we have followed during] the past four years" will lead us anywhere, except into war.

In a recent profile in the *New Yorker*, it was related how magnificently Secretary Acheson had lost most of the cases that he had argued before the Supreme Court. It cannot be said that, in the most important case of his generation, involving the cause of peace as against war, he is doing a magnificent job. He is failing without apparently realizing that his failure—"magnificent" or otherwise—will be at heavy cost to his country and to the civilized world.

I do not know whether Dean Acheson has ever been able to read the minds and hearts of the average run of Americans. I have a deep conviction that he is not reading them accurately, or even sympathetically, today. If he should attempt to read what is written there, he would find nothing to support his unwarranted self-sufficiency. What is etched in the minds and hearts of the American people today is their determination that, if necessary, they will take back the power in the field of foreign affairs which is being exercised so ineptly by the Secretary of State. And the longer they are required to wait to take back that power, the less polite they will be in asking Mr. Acheson to step aside and permit someone to take over who at least is not a defeatist, one who will refuse to accept war, cold or hot, until a real effort has been made to achieve peace.

The people in their hearts reject Mr. Acheson's "It cannot be done because it has not yet been done." They believe that "It can be done because it must be done."

HAROLD L. ICKES

BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE JEFFERSON PAPERS: HEROIC VISION AND GREAT SCHOLARSHIP

THIS BOOK is a cause for national celebration. Almost 125 years after Thomas Jefferson died, the complete work of America's greatest philosopher-statesman will be published for the first time and in a well-nigh perfect form.

In the past, historians working on the life, achievements and significance of Thomas Jefferson have done so on the basis of only a small part of the relevant materials. In the nineteenth century, three collected works appeared. They contained highly selective though valuable segments of Jefferson's correspondence, and were beset by editorial inadequacies, due partly to the impoverished materials and partly to the capricious editorial standards dictated by a mixture of patriotic and personal motives. Early in the twentieth century the supposedly "definitive" collection of Jefferson's writings appeared in 20 volumes—the "Memorial Edition" under the editorship of Lipscomb and Bergh. It scratched only the sur-

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, Vol. I: 1760-1776. Julian P. Boyd, Editor; Lyman H. Butterfield, Mina R. Bryan, Associate Editors (Princeton University Press; \$10).

face, including no more than 15 percent of Jefferson's writings and almost ignoring the correspondence to him, even when this was essential to an understanding of his replies. Furthermore, the editors garbled, cut or purposely deleted Jefferson's text, with the result that this collection was less reliable than Ford's smaller edition at the close of the last century. Because of these shortcomings in the published corpus of Jefferson writings, scholars had to invest time, expense and infinite pains to get to the real Jefferson material in manuscript collections. But even the most conscientious scholar could not hope to tap all the resources, public and private, here and abroad.

The Papers of Thomas Jefferson is one of the greatest editorial and publishing ventures in the nation's history and one that will, as the first volume

by **Adrienne Koch**

demonstrates, set new standards of historical research and truth in the free countries of the world. There will be approximately 52 volumes, containing, in addition to countless official documents, state papers and informal memoranda, about 18,000 letters written by Jefferson and also, complete or in summary, about 25,000 letters to him.

It is impossible to suggest the heroic vision, the careful planning, and the enormous labor involved in such an undertaking. It is possible, however, to mention a few outstanding problems that had to be solved before this project could get started. The first one was the expense. The Congress of the United States authorized a report on the scope and probable cost of a comprehensive edition. This report, prepared by Julian Boyd, was the basis for obtaining funds from private sources—the New York Times Company and Princeton University.

A second major problem was to collect all extant writings to and from Jefferson in one place and in convenient form. Certain important papers were hedged about by terms of the family trusteeship, as in the case of the John Adams-Thomas Jefferson collection. The integrity and diplomatic courtesy of the editors opened practically every collection, public and private. Modern technology—microfilming and the continuous-process photo-enlarger—was employed to provide material that could be worked with easily, cut or pasted together, marked up with editorial notes, and filed conveniently.

The first volume gives evidence of the astonishing breadth and exacting scholarship that will characterize the entire work. We see in it the cumulative benefits of a scientifically oriented method, weighing hypotheses on the basis of carefully assembled evidence, studying individual documents to establish the conclusive text and to determine relations hitherto unnoticed or misunder-

stood, thereby yielding genuinely new historical discoveries.

I should like especially to call attention to the unusually good treatment of Jefferson's influential early piece, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." The treatment shows the connection and development between that document and "The Declaration of Independence" and places it in its Virginia context. New conclusions are reached on the extent of Jefferson's authorship of the "Declaration of the Causes and Necessity for Taking up Arms" (1775), demonstrating that the final document was the product of the unwilling collaboration between Jefferson and John Dickinson. A superb analysis of "The Virginia Constitution" (1776) proves that Jefferson's drafts had an unmistakable influence on a fundamental state paper which was formerly ascribed solely to George Mason. But the glittering high spot of this volume is the most perfect account ever presented of the evolution of the text of "The Declaration of Independence," including the publication of a fragment which contains part of the earliest known text, earlier than the copy generally considered the original rough draft.

Hardly a state paper or important document fails to take on fresh meaning as a result of the exhaustive examination made by the editors. Throughout this volume one can see Jefferson emerging as the humanist who made the cause of liberty his life work. We see him as the liberal champion of Western settlers against the powerful land speculators, of religious toleration against the established church of Virginia, and of legislative reform against aristocratic feudal privileges. And we also see him from more vantage points, because the letters to Jefferson reveal how friends regarded him, and thus innocently instruct us in the distinguished qualities of his mind and personality.

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OF FEAR AND PREJUDICE

CHARACTER ASSASSINATION, by Jerome Davis (Philosophical Library; \$3).

A MEASURE OF FREEDOM, by Arnold Forster (Doubleday; \$2.50).

LIKE THE PARENT who invokes the bogeyman to subdue his child, or the conservative who summons Lenin's ghost to combat radical (*i.e.*, distasteful) legislation, men of prejudice intone the weird stereotypes of the capitalist-Communist Jew and the sexually aggressive-intellectually apathetic Negro to parry the thrust to equality. Fear—the customary weapon of men reluctant to use force but unable to control the behavior of others through an appeal to reason—induces hysteria; and hysteria has both a purpose and a design.

Jerome Davis conceives this purpose to be the preservation of the status quo, the design a resort to the sordid tactics of character assassination and the appeal to prejudice when confronted by unanswerable ideas. Davis catalogues the obvious techniques—name-calling, card-stacking, guilt by association, and the like—and illustrates their use against liberals, minorities and labor unions.

The imaginary horrors paraded by Senator McCarthy, the American Legion and other self-styled patriots testify to the obvious truth in this thesis. But hysteria and character assassination have also been employed by reformers and revolutionaries—particularly the Communists—in attacking both the status quo and those of its opponents with whom they disagree. Davis himself demonstrates the two-edged nature of the hysteria sword by indulging in the very practices he deplors, even to the extent of citing the original (Jewish) name and foreign (Russian) birthplace of one of his critics.

Indeed, just as minority groups tend at times to adopt and practise the stereotyped prejudices of the majority, thereby furthering the evils they profess to oppose, so Jerome Davis appears to have mastered and now to advance the vile art of hysteria. If we are to judge by this book, Davis is the John T. Flynn of the Left; and like Flynn, his voice is likely to prove a liability to the cause with which it associates itself.

A Measure of Freedom (the fourth annual report of the Anti-Defamation

League of B'nai B'rith) is concerned less with the uses of prejudice than with the facts of discrimination. But in documenting the tragic record of anti-Semitism in the United States today, the report makes two things clear. One is that prejudice is a disease in the minds of men who are either ignorant of the elementary truths of history and social science or whose comfort in the illusory belief of superiority leads them to embrace irrationality. The other is that the so-called Jewish problem is in fact a Gentile problem. The illogic of men who sit with Jews in the classroom but prefer not to work with them, who are visibly disturbed if Jews move into their neighborhood and shaken if Jews ask (or are asked) to marry into their families, illustrates this twofold truth and suggests that the problem will remain so long as Gentiles are frustrated and afraid.

The report recognizes that anti-Semitism is only part of the whole problem of prejudice and discrimination, and argues that only if law, education and community action move together against the total area of prejudice can the precepts of democracy hope to be fulfilled.

It is to be regretted that this generally convincing thesis is often supported by admittedly selective and inconclusive data and by documentation of much that is already familiar. It is distressing that the author by a loose application of the label "anti-Semitic" to those who approach Jewish affairs in a manner not his own—the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism, for example—demonstrates the sad truth of Morris Cohen's observation that the anti-Semitism against which Jews need most to be protected is often that of other Jews.

DAVID SPITZ

MAN AND MYSTICISM

THEMES AND VARIATIONS, by Aldous Huxley (Harper; \$3.50).

IN A NARROW SENSE, the following could probably be described as the subjects of these seven essays: the French theosophist Maine de Biran (1766-1824), and what we learn about the mind's limits from his encyclopedic introspections; Baroque mortuary sculpture; "Art and Religion"—a brief piece with a pretentious title; spatial concepts in El Greco; the meaning of

Piranesi's sixteen incomparable etchings, "The Prisons"; Goya's later work; and the "low level crisis" or the problem of over-population and diminishing food resources.

But save for this last Malthusian essay, the subjects of these essays are not those listed above but rather the author's views on individualism and man's mystic potentialities. Most readers, soon tiring of Biran's *Journal Intime* or of skeleton art on tombs, will wonder what it is that Huxley in all his difficult and prolonged asides is trying to convey.

As a mystic, Huxley talks a great deal about the "divine Spirit." This agent is never too clear. It is, apparently, what makes the flowers grow—but also something nobler and harder to express. The reader is often confounded by such a line as: "Space and time . . . are symbols of the infinity and the eternity of Spirit." Huxley is particularly exasperating when he enlists the services of this sublime ally to analyze Piranesi's dungeons or to appraise El Greco's technique. This habit of calling in the "divine Spirit" for mundane, esthetic purposes is like keeping on tap infallible pills, good for every contention or controversy, and choosing secular means only when they readily serve.

As an individualist, Huxley is far more intelligible and persuasive. The following seems to me a fair approximation of what he says in this capacity:

Modern Western society, which has no essential standard higher than acquiring material wealth, regards mankind as a mere means of productivity: and in such a society, logic will eventually compel us to destroy human beings, as the Nazis did, when from illness or age their productivity ends. The individual, beyond this, is ever more reduced to a social manufacture: his character is laid down by Freud; his morals by Kinsey; his intellect by John Dewey; and his ethics are matters of allegiance to flag and general convention. Against such a violence, Huxley urges us to believe in the unimaginable riches of the human soul, to believe in ourselves as non-collectivized beings who can, for example, achieve the perfect state that Buddha described.

Whether or not one accepts extra-sensory perception or the faith that by renouncing remembrance and ex-

pectation, by living exclusively in the immediate moment, a timeless and ineffable bliss lies open to us all, and in whatever other sense one may wonder at the reaches to which Huxley pushes human potentiality, there seems little doubt of the need for a philosophy that encourages man's aspirations rather than defines and categorizes them.

The final essay, "The Double Crisis," suggests that in the present political emergency we are losing sight of a problem that in the long run is perhaps of greater importance. Huxley estimates that the world's population increases by 56,000 every day and that every day erosion destroys 56,000 productive acres. He shows what this can lead to and what can be done about it. It is unfortunate that the book did not contain more pages as full of penetrating and specific exposition as these.

Themes and Variations is not as exciting as *Brave New World*, nor as rigorous as *The Perennial Philosophy*, but has the intent of both.

CHARLES SPIELBERGER

Charles Spielberger's short stories have appeared in the *Yale Review* and *Partisan Review*.

THE POWER OF CHARM

A WOMAN OF MEANS, by Peter Taylor
(Harcourt, Brace; \$2.75).

IN REALITY, charm is rare enough, but in modern fiction one had begun to fear it had almost ceased to exist. Imagine an author, and a young one at that, having the audacity to invest this quality in a wealthy woman who is also a stepmother—and then have her life, her charm, her tragedy revealed through the eyes of a twelve-year old boy, her stepson! The job would be a tall order even for the most practised craftsman. Yet this is part of the task Peter Taylor has set himself in *A Woman of Means*, a first novel that comes so close to being a complete success, a minor work of art, that one hesitates to mention its one glaring weakness.

Related in the first person, in prose as quiet, as clear as a stream in summer, this short book tells the story of Quint Dudley's childhood on his grandmother's farm in Tennessee, of his early adolescence in the St. Louis house of his father, who had married as his second wife the wealthy Mrs. Lauterbach. Quint, whose mother had died giving

him birth, loved his stepmother. But the love bestowed upon Quint by the second Mrs. Dudley was more than normal mother love: it was the love of a woman who had always longed for but never had a son of her own. Instead, she had two daughters who "had been everywhere, because they always traveled with their real father in the summertime." The description of these young girls, of their relationship with the stepfather and stepbrother—done mostly by dialogue—is a masterly piece of characterization. When one of them asks Quint: "What do men think of a girl who late-dates?" one sees at once that secret, furtive, female world, that peculiar patronage paid to innocence by adolescence teetering half-obscenely on the brink of knowledge. And when Quint in his ignorance remarks: "If they had been my real sisters I might have asked them outright what they meant, but they were only my stepsisters, and I had always to remember that they were young ladies," the whole family situation as well as the difference in social status between the parents is revealed.

Just as brilliantly conceived are the scenes in which the boy loses his innocence and, while retaining his "reeyul Southern accent," slowly becomes an individual, a character, at his innumerable schools. Best of all, however, is the subtle characterization of the stepmother whose love for Quint is complicated by her persistent fear that her second husband might have married her "for a reason." When she tells the child: "I'm as rich as all get out, Quint," the reader knows the source of her fear. He is also convinced that the ex-Mrs. Lauterbach is a woman commanding sympathy, of charm as well as of means. What, alas, is not convincing, what seems as incredible to the reader as it did to Quint, is the sudden and terrible disintegration of a woman to whom life had given all but an heir. This unaccountable lapse mars a book that would otherwise have been perfect of its kind. JAMES STERN

BRIEF COMMENT

The Barkeep of Blemond, by Marcel Aymé (Harper; \$3).

This is France after the deluge. "Thousands of hypocrites in it," thinks Archambaud, the engineer. "There's so much dirt in the world that nobody gives a damn," says Leopold, the ex-wrestler.

A schoolmaster says: "We know perfectly well that no knowledge of Virgil or Racine is needed in order to make an electric heater or drop a bomb out of an aircraft . . . or to grasp the philosophy of the age," adding: "You know, the great enemy of France is her general culture, which makes poetry and drama out of the universe and so obscures its reality." Of somebody else it is said: "He had come to feel that the death of a man was really no more significant than an episode of a film."

France after the deluge, some time around 1944 or '45 when the hunt for collaborationists and patriots was on and the Communists, having gained power, had to keep odd bedfellows in order to get the votes that would sweep the Revolution's clean broom through the polluted stables. Aymé depicts all: pollution, confusion, despair.

But though he is known as a satirist, he is in this novel not so much satirical as detached, with a fine comic sense of the illogical and the irrelevant. Thus when the Fascist ("in working with the creators of Buchenwald he had believed he was escaping from solitude in order to fulfil himself in love and devotion") is about to be marched off to jail, he asks to take a last look at a movie magazine. Thus Leopold, the ex-wrestler, inspired to compose alexandrines after hearing Racine recited in his café where classes are held, says modestly: "The fact is, Racine was a bit my type, really. Naturally I wouldn't compare myself to a chap who wrote thirty or forty thousand lines when I've only written three. . . ."

This admirable buffoon is matched on the other side of innocence by Watrin, professor of mathematics, who wants only to see his fellow men "as Life had made them for Life's own purposes." Everyone else in the novel is either a Communist, a Socialist, a collaborationist, a Fascist, embroiled in the bitter quarrel of political maneuvering for the Good End through fair means or foul. Watrin is simply outside it. "You need not speak to me of egoism and hypocrisy. Man's egoism is as lovable as that of a butterfly or squirrel. Nothing in us is evil, nothing."

The political men are too often "creatures of their own reading," and though Aymé cannot be said to take anybody's side in this novel, he clearly gives Watrin, with his eccentric poetry of forgiveness and joy, the last word: "In point of fact, our friend Archambaud has not committed any crimes. He has simply acquiesced by his silence in the crimes of others. I have done exactly the same, and so will you. We are all cowards and hypocrites, I don't attempt to deny the evidence; but that is precisely what we need to be at the present time. And it does not alter the fact that we are admirable beings. Do you hear me, Archambaud?—admirable!" He concludes, say-

ing: "Wait a little. Wait just fifty years."

The tone of this novel is clear and dry when it might have been wrathful or cynical. Amyé seems to prefer human nature to the ideas it has of itself or to the idea it would sacrifice its own nature to, and in this way Watrin, the great innocent, seems to be his spokesman. But everyone else has his say too: even the millionaire is allowed to pity himself. It is French realism, cutting, brilliant and hard.

Wild Conquest, by Peter Abrahams (Harper; \$3).

The frame of this novel is that long trek the Boers made northward in 1835 after the British, freeing the slaves which

the Boers thought indispensable to their "culture," had conquered the Cape. It is unfortunate that after we have become pleasantly accustomed to the Boers, the novel is split down its center by the introduction of the Matabeles. Abrahams deals forcefully with the plague of imperialism and race hatred, but the writing lacks distinction.

The Old Man of the Mountain, by Allan Seagar (Simon and Schuster; \$3).

A novelette and 17 loose and floppy stories, the best of them being satires, and those, usually, of the academes. Seagar seems to be more interested in the sprawl of life than in confining it within the short-story form. JEAN GARRIGUE

sition as the great cosmopolitan, international center of musical Europe.

In the light musical theatre, however, Paris is a generation behind the times. Only two genres flourish—the *revue* and the *opérette* (apart from the music halls, where such entertainers as Edith Piaf and Jean Sablon may be heard). The revues are empty concoctions, half spectacle and half nudity; the operettes are old-fashioned pieces like Kalman's "The Circus Princess" (in which Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth are appearing), and "Rose Marie," blown up to ten times their normal size. I went to see "Annie du Far West" and found it all but unrecognizable, with great vistas that looked nothing like the West, an immense circus-tent scene worthy of the old Hippodrome, costumes of the utmost chic, and ballet boys in dainty Indian G-strings who seemed to have been trained in the shadow of Lifar's taste. But Lily Fayol, who played Annie, made up for the rest of it. A graduate of the smuttier music halls, she has rightfully become a major star in the last two or three years. Granting her the latitude to do things her own way, she sings the songs as effectively as Ethel Merman, albeit with typically Gallic cadence and gesture, and her characterization makes Annie an appealing little baggage. Still and all, when it comes to light music I miss Broadway. CECIL SMITH

MUSIC: Symphonies, Operettas and "Annie"

THE ORCHESTRE NATIONAL is, by common agreement, the most proficient symphony orchestra in Paris. It is one of the three orchestras (there are also two choruses) maintained by Radio-diffusion Française on a year-round basis as normal functions of the government radio monopoly. These ensembles are the chief agencies for the presentation of contemporary music, by foreign as well as French composers. The three main orchestras outside the radio—the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Conservatoire societies—are less adventurous, but keep busy with creditable performances of Beethoven, Berlioz and Debussy.

Having a less acute financial problem than do the older societies, the Orchestre National is able to command the best personnel. I have heard it only once—on an exciting occasion that marked the return of Serge Koussevitzky after many years of absence from the Parisian concert platform. At the top of his form, Koussevitzky gave inspired performances of Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony (almost new to Paris) and Tchaikovsky's Fourth (usually an object of scorn) which lifted the orchestra to an unaccustomed level of virtuosity, and received an ovation at the end.

The Colonne Orchestra and the Orchestre des Concerts de la Conservatoire (I have not heard the Lamoureux) are what may be called typical French orchestras. Both have wonderful woodwind sections, for the world's best wind-instrument players are still trained in

PARIS Paris. The strings are less numerous than in the American orchestras, and less supple. The brass players tend to be sluggish, and the brass soloists employ a wavy tone that sounds sickish and sentimental to American ears. French orchestra players do not like to rehearse for the sake of perfect articulation and ensemble, but there is compensation in the way they rise to the occasion and attempt to put on a good show. Their style of playing, moreover, is as uniform as the style of the coryphées in a Balanchine ballet. There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion in matters of phrasing and inflection. All the orchestras play under a constantly shifting array of conductors, but even when the Conservatoire Orchestra was directed by the extravagantly overpraised young Austrian rabble-rouser, Herbert von Karajan, it was still possible to discern stubborn traces of the *bon gout* ground into them by their Conservatoire training.

From America have come this spring Artur Rubinstein, Yehudi Menuhin, Mischa Elman, Marian Anderson, Dorothy Maynor (her Paris debut), and such younger performers as Eugene Istomin and Grant Johannesen. Italy sent an orchestra under Alceo Gallieri, a first-string conductor; Strasbourg provided an ancient-music ensemble; Marie Rambert has brought the Ballet Rambert from England. When all this happens in a single month, it is impossible not to recognize that Paris has regained its po-

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MOVIES

The Good with the Bad

THE YOUTHFUL WORLD of D. H. Lawrence was dominated by the need for money; one of his bitterest short stories, "The Rocking Horse Winner," is a fairy tale in which a boy of ten pays with his life for the Midas touch.

This somber fable has been adapted for the screen by the British scenarist-director, Anthony Pelissier. The picture is a responsible treatment of Lawrence's story. It is padded a little to fill the required 90 minutes, but the direction is firm and straightforward and the acting is admirable. John Howard Davies, as the boy who rides to death on his "lucky" hobby horse, gives a heart-breaking interpretation of the panic that seizes a child when he feels obliged to take a hand in adult affairs. Valerie Hobson appears as the mother whose insatiable drive for money turns her son into a magically successful gambler; it is a coldly hostile character, but Miss Hobson plays it with a stubborn misery that makes her very odiousness sourly sympathetic. John Mills, as the ex-jockey handyman who places the child's psychic bets, is in a weakly likable role. He carries it off with quiet skill,

but his scenes show the most padding.

"The Rocking Horse Winner" is a picture whose honest cruelty shocks an audience into alert appreciation. I think its mood is perhaps too realistic, so that, even though you accept the central supernatural device, you stumble over some of the circumstantial details. The story, after all, is a moral fairy tale; the whole picture could have been tipped a little toward the fantastic so that one would accept the instruction of the nightmare parable without testing its incidents for plausibility.

Without a doubt, "The Winslow Boy" is a worthy picture, but only the worthy should see it. Moral rectitude of such exquisite perfection and in such unusual abundance as is provided in this screen version of Terence Rattigan's play is likely to depress normally venal patrons. I have never seen a trio so bent on winning the medal for all-around nobility as Robert Donat, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Margaret Leighton. The unhappy boy (Neil North), for whom they exert themselves, can scarcely keep his footing among the preening adults.

The picture is put together with the suave predictability customary in British legal pictures. Francis L. Sullivan, gross in a wig, is discomfited once again, and the cold elegance of Donat passes all description. Young Winslow may

have got justice; what the audience gets is Gilbert and Sullivan turned pious—as sound as British oak and as wooden.

Anyone wishing to see Alec Guinness play eight roles, one of them a female impersonation, in a single picture must attend a showing of "Kind Hearts and Coronets." This brand of silliness, previously associated with Sacha Guitry, has a lunatic humor to it ("here he comes again," you whisper idiotically to your partner as another heavily made-up character wanders onto the screen), but it isn't the sort of thing an actor would want to do more than once. It provides him with a nice variety, you might say, but he's kept too busy changing wigs to do much acting. And the law of diminishing returns works with ruthless speed.

In the fall of 1937, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union brought a topical revue, "Pins and Needles," into New York. It was gay and brash and full of good tunes; it kidded the world and kidded the workers and it ran through several editions. A lot of people in mink coats and striped pants were whistling "Mene, Mene Tekel" in 1937.

Now the ILGWU has made a movie, "With These Hands," and put it into the Gotham Theatre on Broadway. It is less surprising than "Pins and Needles" and it may have less success outside union circles, but in its way it is as enterprising. The garment workers assume that the rise of a union has at least as much general appeal as, say, the career of Jesse James or the building of the Union Pacific. They make their point successfully, if not triumphantly.

The picture is limited by a routine, rather literal scenario. It is a flashback documentary by Morton Wishengrad, whose regular employment is to write sociological programs for the radio networks. He makes skillful use of factual data but underlines his message with conscientious insistence and, from his air training, writes dialogue that is irritatingly heavy with meaning.

Fortunately, the ILGWU has a history that insists on being dramatic. It sprang from the sweatshops of the New York ghetto; it found its strength after the massacre of the Triangle Shirtwaist

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The ILGWU makes a sympathetic hero.

The rank-and-file union man of
"With These Hands" is Sam Levene,
a strong and intelligent actor who car-
ries out Wishengrad's single purpose
with a wry humor that saves the part
from becoming mechanical. Arlene
Francis, as his wife, is emotionally per-
suasive in one or two important scenes,
but her role suffers from being loaded
with the cliché irony of Jewish domestic
happiness. Joseph Wiseman, a tubercu-
lar idealist, is beautiful and genuinely
touching in a part that could easily have
slopped over. The smaller bits are taken
by needle-trades workers and the cast
is cleanly directed by Jack Arnold. An-
other time, the ILGWU might tell a
story of union people instead of people
in a union, but "With These Hands" is
a good foundation if it, or any other
union, wants to go on in the movies.

No doubt a blue-ribbon chef can bake
a handsome potato, but few of them
take up the work. There isn't much
that talent and experience can con-
tribute to that tasty staple. The same
with "The Asphalt Jungle," a tasty
staple if ever there was one. John Hus-
ton has directed it with a tense perfec-
tion; Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern,
Sam Jaffe and James Whitmore turn in
coldly glowing performances. The ap-
petizing result is still that old crook
story featuring a professional master
mind, an improbable jewel robbery
(called a "caper" in the jungle patois)
and a neurotic killer who dreams of
summer days in the bluegrass country.

But at least "The Asphalt Jungle" is
professional carpentry. "Night and the
City," which displays Richard Wid-
mark, Gene Tierney, Googie Withers,
Hugh Marlowe and Sullivan again (it's
wonderful how he keeps his weight
with all this bustling about), is a hodge-
podge of elaborate nonsense. It has to
do with exhibition wrestling, a clip
joint, a beggars' artificial-limb depot
(very Dickensian) and a Limehouse
crone formerly employed by Sax Roh-
mer. The picture was made in London
by 20th Century-Fox for reasons of
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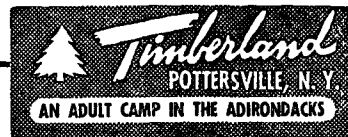
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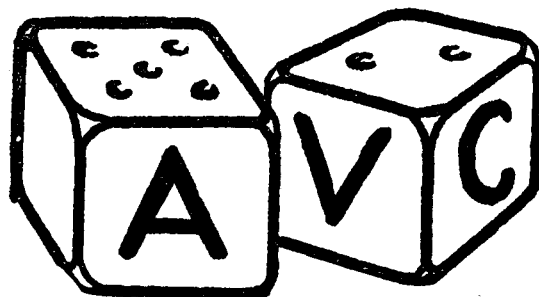
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